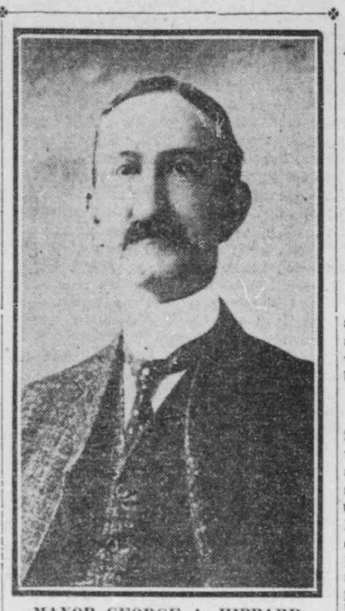
THEIR HONORS, OUR MAYORS

Three Ohio Mayors Often in the Public Eye Are Tom L. Johnson, Brant Whitlock, and Leopold Markbreit—In Boston, George A. Hibbard Is Acting Like a Business Mayor.

Fred A. Busse, of Chicago, in Seclusion During the Campaign Which Resulted in His Election—Office-holding and Sporting Feats of John E. Reyburn, of Philadelphia.



MAYOR GEORGE A. HIBBARD,
Of Boston.

Their honors, our mayors of our large municipalities, many of whom will doubtless play important parts in the impending Presidential campaign, number among them some interesting and picturesque characters.

Not the least gifted in these respects is Tom L. Johnson, beloved of the Cleveland voters because of his 3-cents traction views, and sharing with George B. McClellan, of New York City, the distinction of being the best known of the country's mayors. Brand Whitlock's fame is commensurately larger than the city of which he is chief executive—Toledo. In Boston George A. Hibbard, the first Republican mayor of the Hub in years, has stirred up the politicians mightily and is gaining a national reputation as a business reform mayor by trimming the city's budget hundreds of thousands of dollars and doing other equally astonishing things.

After Eugene V. Schmitz, San Francisco is having its affairs directed by a man who started in life as a country printer and has for years been one of the Pacific Coast's leading physicians, educators, and litterateurs—Edward R. Taylor. In Fred A. Busse the metropolis of the Great Lakes has its first Republican mayor in a long time; and in him, too, it has a mayor who has been in politics since he was of age and who knows the game from the ward division up. Besides having gained wide notoriety by his strictures on President Roosevelt, John E. Reyburn, Philadelphia's chief executive, is famed among sportsmen as having been a member of the first four-oared racing crew to use the now common sliding stroke. That was back in the '60's.

Others Began at the Bottom.

Not the least interesting experiences in the career of Charles A. Bookwalter, mayor of Indianapolis, the home city of Vice President Fairbanks, were gained when he was "bumming" about the country in freight cars. James C. Dahlman, mayor of Omaha, and close friend of W. J. Bryan, is as expert a cowboy as ever left a high pommeled saddle for the city. As for Leopold Markbreit, of Cincinnati, he who got the country's ear not long ago when he asked his city council to prohibit women running automobiles in Cincinnati, on the ground that they are fitted only to run sewing machines, the civil war chapter of his life was practically one continuous thrill from beginning to end. And thus the list might be continued at much greater length.

Mayor Markbreit is one of the comparatively few chief executives of our larger municipalities who was born abroad. James N. Adam, of Buffalo, is another, but while Mr. Adam did not leave his native Scotland for America until 1872, when he was thirty, Mayor Markbreit left Austria when he was a boy. By the time the civil war broke out young Markbreit was in the law office of Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward President. Referring to this part of Mayor Markbreit's career, President McKinley, who knew Markbreit well, once said:

"Hayes entered the serivce in 1861 and left Markbreit to take care of the office, and Markbreit sacredly promised to do so. At the battle of Carnifex Ferry Hayes saw at some distance young Markbreit approaching at the head of a company. The latter was a striking figure, handsome and soldierly in his bearing. Hayes expressed great surprise to find that the young man whom he had left in Cincinnati should thus early have deserted the office and come to the front."

Soon Became a Captain.

Markbreit entered the Twenty-eighth Ohio Infantry as a sergeant. His bravery soon won for him a captaincy, and some time before December of 1863, when he became a prisoner of war, he had been made adjutant general to Gen. Ayerell.

"At the time I was captured," Mayor Markbreit told me recently, "we were making a raid in Southwestern Virginia, and I had been overcome with illness. The Confederate general, W. H. Jackson, succeeded by an attack from the rear in cutting off a portion of our column, thereby capturing about 100 officers and men and the ambulances and the train. Gen. Jackson sent the greater part of his prisoners to Richmond, but I was sent on to Warm Springs to await the possible favorable outcome of special negotiations under which I was to be exchanged through the offices of Gen. Jackson, whose command I had frequently fought against. But this order was countermanded and I was sent on to Libby Prison.

"Within six months I and six other Union officers were held as hostages or pledges that a number of Confederate officers would not be executed by the North. These Confederates had been captured within our lines recruiting in Kentucky, and when captured wore the Union uniform. They were convicted as spies and ordered executed, but after months of endeavor and on the plea of the wife of Senator George H. Pendleton, the sentence was suspended by President Lincoln."

A Prisoner in Libby.

The first five months of Capt. Markbreit's experiences as a hostage, which continued until a short time before his release as a prisoner of war in February of '65, were spent in one of the famous 6 by 10 feet underground cells of Libby Prison. The captain and his fellow-hostages suffered greatly from foul air and lack of proper and sufficient food—they received but one meal a day—but their greatest suffering came from another source. "Every now and then," the mayor told me, "a rumor would reach us of an exchange to be made, but this was soon followed by denial. Thus we were treated to all the horrors of alternate hope and despair.

"When there was more need of soldiers at the front," the mayor continued. "Our Confederate guards would be substituted by citizens. By the way they called out we could tell what was the nationality, and when the guard was a German I would talk to him. If he seemed friendly we would get him to give us something to read or a scrap to eat. Thus these good guards kept us alive.

"When we first entered the cells they were filled with rats. These our negro attendants would catch and cook for us to eat. We were glad to get them. These negroes, too, would smuggle notes for us to the prisoners above and they in turn would get the messages out and on to our friends in the North. Some of these letters of mine have been printed in the official records of the United States."

Taken to Salisbury.

The hardship that war brought to Markbreit and his fellow-hostages finally undermined their health, and on the advice of the physician who attended them they were transferred to the Confedeate prison at Salisbury, N. C. Before this transfer took place Capt. Markbreit had become so weak that the only way he could get upstairs was to crawl on all fours. He and his fellow-hostages remained at Salisbury until rumors of an outbreak among the Union prisoners there—at the time close on to 10,000—caused them to be taken back to Libby Prison.

About two weeks before he was released Capt. Markbreit was made an assistant to Gen. Hays, of Boston, a Union officer and a prisoner, who had been detailed to distribute among his fellow-prisoners donations of food and supplies sent to them by their friends and families and by the Federal government.

"Then I got word that I was exchanged," went on the mayor. "Once outside the prison walls I could hardly realize the freedom I was to enjoy. I saw the flag of our country only to break into tears, and when the men of our army came closer and I could see the uniform again I cried like a child. I was in rags; I got a suit of clothes and pitched the rags into the James River.

"One of the interesting little incidents of my experiences occurred while we were prisoners at Danville, Va. I was suffering dreadfully with the toothache. Our guard gave me permission to visit a dentist and have the tooth extracted, but as I had no presentable clothes of my own my fellow-prisoners contributed various articles of raiment, that I might appear on the streets. After the molar was pulled I was taken to a drug store by the guard, but the clerk refused to sell me anything because I was a Northern man.

Willing to Forget.

"Of course, all that befell me as a hostage was the result of war and the passions born of it. The war has been over many years, the country is united, and I cannot find it in my heart to cherish resentment toward any one for the hardships I was compelled to undergo while a prisoner."

Capt. Markbreit became mayor of Cincinnati last year. Since civil war days he has been one of the Queen City's big men. As president and manager of the Volksblatt of that city he has exercised a wide influence in civic and State affairs. Besides holding various city offices he was minister to Bolivia in the early '70's, and immediately after leaving this position he traveled extensively through South America on a business mission. As a musical and dramatic critic he is ranked among the best in the Middle West, and one of his recreations is the encouragement and promotion of these arts.

Just as Leopold Markbreit is representative of the foreign born Americans who fought for the Union by the tens of thousands in '61-'65, so Charles A. Bookwalter, mayor of Indianapolis, is representative of the comparatively young men in mayoralty and other high positions in this country who have fought their own way into the public eye.

Mr. Bookwalter began his earthly experiences forty-eight years ago in a rude Wabash County (Ind.) farmhouse that was not overly comfortable. Until he was eight years old he lived on the farm; then the family moved to Fort Wayne, and the boy was put into the public school. Two birthdays later found him working for a living and attending school between the hours of labor.

Carried Newspaper Route.

He began his business career by carrying newspapers, having a morning route which got him out of bed at 4 o'clock and an evening route which made 8 o'clock supper necessary. After three years of this combination of work and study young Bookwalter gave up the educational part of it and got a job as a printer's "devil." He carried forms, mixed ink, and did the thousand and one things that an apprentice in the old-fashioned print shops had to do. Incidentally he learned to set type and developed into a first-class compositor. He still holds membership in the Fort Wayne typographical union.

As the days of his apprenticeship were nearing an end the printing business commenced to go to pot, so Bookwalter decided to complete his course of study with a period of travel. He had no money for expenses, but he found freight conductors easy if not accommodating. For a year and a half he "bummed" from one

MAYOR JOHN E. REYBURN,
Of Philadelphia.

State in the West to another, filling odd jobs here and there and gaining an experience which he now declares is his most valuable asset in life.

Became Railroad Fireman.

Ill health, however, finally drove him back to Fort Wayne, and thinking that outdoor life might prove beneficial, Bookwalter got a job with the Wabash Railroad Company, as locomotive fireman. This he held for more than two years, running between Fort Wayne and Toledo. In 1884 the company's division was changed from Fort Wayne to Andrews, so he gave up firing and drifted back into the printing business. The Fort Wayne Gazette, the paper which he carried as a lad, and the one on which he had served his apprenticeship, needed a foreman, and gave Bookwalter the job.

After two years as a foreman he was offered the city editor's desk on the Gazette. This was a new field of activity for Bookwalter, as all his experience had been in the mechanical department of a newspaper, but he accepted the position, made good, and incidentally became acquainted with the politicians of Allen County. Then the Republicans and labor unions of Allen and Huntington counties united in nominating Bookwalter for the State senate. He missed election by 182 votes in a district which was Democratic to the core.

Mr. Bookwalter's first political plum dropped into his lap in 1887. He was then twenty-seven years of age. He was appointed clerk of the State printing board and his position brought him to Indianapolis, where he immediately got into the swirl of State politics. When Indiana went Democratic in 1892, Bookwalter became jobless, so he entered the real estate business. With several others, he opened up a new tract of land which then was regarded as the country, but which now comprises the best residence section of the city. His venture netted him more money than he probably had ever seen before. In 1893 he was made secretary of the Republican city committee and in 1901 he was nominated by his party for mayor. He won the election by more than 1,600 votes. He was defeated in 1903 by John W. Holtzman, Democrat, but re-elected in 1905 for a four-year term.

Fighter All Through.

Bookwalter is a fighter. He gives no quarter and asks none. What he has today and all he ever had was acquired through fighting. He is affable and likable and has a politician's way of making friends. As a candidate he manages his own campaign and he is the head and tail of his own organization. As a campaign speaker he is in great demand in Indiana.

One of the country's two most prominent reform mayors at the present time—Edward R. Taylor, of San Francisco—is a former newspaper worker. So also is Mayor McClellan, of New York, who started as a reporter after he graduated from Princeton in 1886. Before he became treasurer of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1889 he had filled several editorial positions on the metropolitan dailies.

Mayor Taylor, with his sixty-nine years, the dean among the more prominent municipal chief executives, was twenty-four when he quit the office of the Boonville (Mo.) Observer, in which he had worked as an apprentice and become managing editor, and left for California. Here he took, first, his degree in medicine, then his degree in law. To-day he is vice president of a medical college that was largely founded through his instrumentality and dean of a college of law. As a worker for civic betterment he has been famous for upward of a quarter of a century on the coast, where his first job was that of clerk on a steamboat plying between San Francisco and Sacramento; he went West when a victim of the gold fever.

Has Literary Tastes.

Dr. Taylor is distinctly a bookish man. After his retirement from active law practice and until he was chosen to fill the post made vacant by the deposition of Eugene V. Schmitz, he spent practically all his waking hours in his library and the bookshops of San Francisco. He had not the least intimation that the men who had ousted Schmitz were considering him for the mayoralty. When the summons came to him to head the city government he was found browsing around in one of his favorite bookshops, and it was with a sigh of regret that he left the dust-covered volumes for the mayor's office.

Though he has won a fortune through law; though he is esteemed by Western educators as one of that section's patrons of education; though the medical men of the Coast look upon him as one of their leaders, and though pretty much all of San Francisco is proud of his record as a reform mayor, Dr. Taylor himself is perhaps proudest of his position as translator of the sonnets of Jose de Heredia, a Cuban born poet, who was a member of the noted group of Parisian authors who revolved around Victor Hugo. These translations by Dr. Taylor—published privately—have given him an enviable reputation as a litterateur among the really critical of things literary.

In 1870, while he was still private secretary to Gov. Haight, of California, Dr. Taylor married into the Stanford family. Following the foundation of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, he was a trustee of that institution, and until a disagreement with Mrs. Stanford caused him to resign from the board his was an influential voice in the affairs of the university. Though a Democrat in national politics, Dr. Taylor has not voted a straight municipal ticket in forty-five years, and so comes pretty near being the Coast's original independent voter. San Franciscans generally were aware of this fact when Dr. Taylor was up for election as mayor last fall; it assured them that he was thoroughly independent in civic matters, and it doubtless had something to do with securing him his triumphant election.

Not a Radical Partisan.

In private life George A. Hibbard, who is trying to give his native city of Boston a nonpartisan business administration, is treasurer of a corporation of tailors. In politics he is a Republican, but since he has become mayor he has given as cold comfort to the politicians of his own party as to those of the opposite faith.

A Republican politician himself since he attained his majority, Mayor Hibbard at one time was chairman of the Republican city committee of Boston, and conducted a successful mayoralty campaign. As a member of the Massachusetts legislature he was regarded as a partisan of partisans. He was serving his second term as postmaster of The Hub when the politicians of his party, in their desperate hunt for a man willing to stand up against Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, Democrat, up for re-election, turned to Hibbard.

Mayor Fitzgerald's administration had been denounced widely by his opponents as wasteful and extravagant. Hibbard seized on this cry, promised in his speeches that if elected he would do all

MAYOR CHARLES A. BOOKWALTER,
Of Indianapolis.

in his power to remedy abuses, and thereby got himself elected in a hotly waged three-cornered campaign, the triangle being completed by the Independence party.

As soon as Hibbard was sworn in as mayor, the place-hunters naturally swarmed down upon him. There was nothing doing—except straight talk by the new mayor to the effect that he had promised the voters a business administration, and he intended to stick to his word. To make matters worse, the mayor soon began to lop off hundreds of thousands of dollars from the budget and hundreds of names from the pay rolls, and otherwise reduce the running expenses of the city. This programme he has continued down to the present day—he has now been mayor for half a year—and as a result the ward politicians of the mayor's own party are letting him go it severely alone these days.

Product of Boston.

Mayor Hibbard is a representative Boston product. Born there forty-three years ago, he received his entire school education in Boston, and all his business life has been spent in that city. To him Boston is the country's hub in fact as well as in nickname, and his friends say that his pride in his city has had much to do with his determination to stick to his campaign promises to give it a business administration, as far as in his power lies.

Fred. A. Busse, mayor of Chicago, like Hibbard, was postmaster of his city when he was nominated by the Republicans to make the mayoralty race against Mayor Dunne, Democrat, up ror re-election. Busse, too, has been a politician since he attained his majority, and he also is a native product of the city whose government he heads.

In many respects Busse has the distinguishing and picturesque traits of the old school politician. He knows personally all "the boys" in the part of the city, four wards, which he controls absolutely as a member of the so-called Republican oligarchy. He is not averse to having "a good time" with them at night when the cares of official life are put aside; and hundreds of his constituents could tell stories of the helpfulness extended to them by Busse in their hours of dire need, such as sickness or death in the family. In his wide acquaintance with and paternal care of his constituents the Chicago mayor compares favorably with the average successful Tammany Hall district leader.

Busse got his real start in business through an act of kindness to an old expressman, a neighbor. Shortly after he had been befriended by Busse, then in the first years of manhood, the man's body was discovered swinging from a stable rafter. In one of his coat pockets was found his will. It read: "I want Fred Busse to have my horse and wagon. Busse took the legacy—all that the old expressman possessed in the world—and started in the express business with it. Later he developed this business into the coal business now conducted under his name. In a flat above his business office the owner lives with his parents, for he is a bachelor. His father, a veteran of the civil war, came out of the struggle a captain.

Did Not Make a Speech.

In the mayoralty campaign which resulted in his election, Busse, unlike Hibbard, did not make a single promise from the stump, nor once appear in public. A short time after his nomination he was injured in a railroad accident while returning to Chicago from Washington, whither he had gone in the interests of his post-office. This mishap kept him housed when finally he was able to reach home, and so it came about that Chicago was treated to the novelty of a mayoralty candidate practically living in seclusion while the campaign was at white heat.

Like Hibbard, of Boston, Busse served in his State's legislature. There he was a member of the senatorial coterie whose approval of proposed legislation was necessary to make it stand any prospect of enactment. Busse, too, has been a political power in his city for years. Hibbard is an out-and-out Yankee; Busse's father was born in Germany, and he has many of the pronounced traits of the American-born of German parentage. He is probably the "heftiest" of the large-city mayors; his avoirdupois would keep him from appearing dwarfed in the presence of William H. Taft, whose bulk is world famous.

Long in Congress.

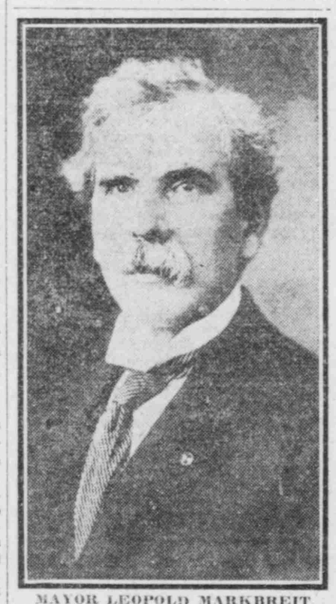
John E. Reyburn, like other recent mayors of Philadelphia not a native of that city, has held office most of the time during the past thirty-seven years by grace of the Republican machine of his city. A year after he was admitted to the bar (1870) he was sent to the lower house of Pennsylvania legislature. When he was told off to run as mayor last year against the reformers' ticket he was serving his 'steenth term as a national Representative, and he had lived in Washington so long that many of the Quaker City politicians, who are supposed to know who's who in that interesting neck o' the political woods, rubbed their eyes in astonishment and asked meekly, "Who's Reyburn?" In like fashion they had asked four years before, "Who's Weaver?" when they were told that Reyburn's predecessor in the mayoralty chair would be the party's candidate.

Mayor Reyburn's administration has been marked mainly by his picturesque strictures of President Roosevelt, uttered most frequently when the late panic was at its height, and by Mrs. Reyburn's campaign to head Philadelphia's exclusive set as the mayor's wife, and hence, as the first lady of the city. This campaign she conducted from "north of Market street"—ordinarily an exceedingly weak strategic position for the socially ambitious in Philadelphia. But she has made considerable headway, nevertheless, in her determination to lead society, for not long ago she was allowed to be one of the eight hostesses at the Philadelphia Academy exhibit, an annual event that since its inception has been presided over only by the city's socially elect.

Member of Boat Crew.

In sporting circles Mayor Reyburn is known as a member of the first four-oared boat crew to use the sliding stroke. Reyburn took part in the famous race with Annapolis that revolutionized boat racing the world over. Boats were not built in those days with sliding seats, so the Philadelphia four used highly polished mahogany seats and slid on these as they rowed. When the Annapolis crew saw the work of the visitors they quickly secured a coach, who taught them the sliding stroke, and though they had only a few days' practice at it they won the race. You see, Reyburn and his companions greased their mahogany seats with oil to make them more slippery. But the Middies had the forethought to grease with tallow, which does not combine with sea water to make a sticky substance, as does oil; and so they slip better than Reyburn and his companions and victory was theirs.

Though he is now in his sixty-fourth year, Mayor Reyburn still retains a deep interest in sports of all sorts, and he attributes his power to do an enormous day's work to his lifelong participation in them.



MAYOR LEOPOLD MARKBREIT,
Of Cincinnati.

MAYOR TOM L. JOHNSON, OF CLEVELAND.
Son at the wheel; his house at the left.

OFFICIAL LIFE SIDELIGHTS

Several hundred marines have been ordered to the Canal Zone in anticipation of trouble in the coming elections there next month, and of the possible—some wiseacres say probable—intervention of the United States, which brings to mind the fact that it is the marines who are always sent on ahead when there is any trouble brewing. They were the first troops to be sent ashore in Cuba, the first to land in the Philippines, and now the government looks to them to keep order in Panama; in a word, they do most of the hard work, the initial work, at any rate, and are rarely accorded a commensurate share of glory, although Congress has on several occasions thanked them for their signal services, brevetted their officers, and awarded medals of honor to their petty officers and privates who have distinguished themselves.

The history of the Marine Corps begins with the history of the American navy; in fact, it antedates that history, and was actually its nucleus, the Continental Congress having organized two battalions of marines before even a single vessel was sent to sea, and it was a detachment of marines, under Capt. Nicholas, that captured by assault the forts of New Providence, in the Bahamas, in the first naval engagement of the Revolution.

At Tripoli the marines played an honorable role. One of them saved the life of Decatur, which he was to lose later on by a bullet from the pistol of a former companion in arms; another ran a Turk through the body as he was about to strike down the brave and intrepid Trippe, and at Derne it was Lieut. O'Bannon, of the marines, and Midshipman Mann who hauled down the flag of Tripoli and raised that of the United States.

In the Mexican war, according to Gen. Scott himself, they were placed where the hardest work was to be done, and they did it so nobly that they were conceded the honor of first entering the palace in the City of Mexico, when that capital had been captured by their aid, where they hoisted the American flag bearing the motto, still in use, "From Tripoli to the Halls of Montezuma." In the civil war they maaintained, surpassed, indeed, their previous fine record and showed unequaled courage and bravery. Later, in the railroad riots of 1877; in Alexandria, Egypt; in the early '80's, when they aided the English in preserving order in the city; in the Panama expedition of 1885, and in the war with Spain they measured fully up to the high standard they had set themselves and added new achievements to their long line of glorious ones. Now a large detachment of them have been sent to the isthmus, and whatever may happen there—and no one can predict what will happen in that land of eternal revolutions—it is the marines who will have led the way.

MRS. ALICE LONGWORTH MOST ENVIED OF WOMEN.

"The most enviable woman in many ways in the world, to-day is Alice Roosevelt Longworth. She is young, attractive, enthusiastic, buoyant, and greatly beloved, both by her own and her husband's family, and by their personal friends. She is rich in her own right, highly cultivated, with a loving heart, keen sympathies, and a position quite equal to that of the royal women of Europe. I know of no one with whom I would as soon change places, if I had to change at all," said the wife of a well-known diplomat, as she sipped her iced tea on the lawn of the Chevy Chase Club the other afternoon. And all she said is quite true. The wife of the member from the First Ohio district is the child of good fortune.

A perfectly unaffected girl, a bit spoiled and somewhat hoydenish, in the three years since her marriage Mrs. Longworth has developed into a graceful and dignified matron, who has yet lost none of her girlish charm. Despite the attentions she has received, the honors that have been bestowed upon her, and the gay life she has led since she first made her debut, the eldest daughter of the President is as far from being blase as is a small girl in pinafores. She delights in all she does, loves the world and its people, and is as genuine and wholesome, as fresh and radiant as a June rose. America has every reason to be proud of this petted child of hers, and she is proud of her—proud of her intellect, proud of her beauty, and proud of her loyalty.

FINDS FLOORS OILED WITH MAPLE SYRUP.

A certain housewife in the West End was recently compelled to change parlor maids, the "lady" who had been serving her in this capacity having given notice that she could not work in town during the heated spell and so must off to the Springs. Then the Mary Jane who took her place was a strong and willing creature from the country, but untrained in city ways, a fact which her mistress overlooked, as she was particularly anxious to have some one scrub and clean, and, she argued, that since the time for entertaining was over, this greenhorn would probably meet every requirement. The other morning before going to market Mrs. X explained to Mary Jane that she wanted the floors on the first story cleaned and oiled.

"Wipe them up carefully first," she said, "and then rub on oil that you will find in a big tin can in the corner of the storeroom."

Of course, Mary Jane knew all about it—Mary Janes always do—and when Mrs. X returned the floors did look beautifully shiny, but she noticed as she walked across them that her shoes stuck and she missed the usual odor.

"Mary Jane," she asked suspiciously, "did you oil the floors exactly as I told you"

"'Cose I did," replied Mary Jane. "I done oiled dem floors jes' es soon es yo' went out."

Mrs. X put her hand down and felt of the floor. It was very, very sticky, and the pet dog of the house licked away at it as though he were having a feast. An idea dawned in the mind of Mrs. X.

"Mary Jane," she said, "bring me the can from which you oiled these floors." Mary Jane obeyed with alacrity, and produced a can that might have held oil, but it did not. Its contents was maple syrup—real maple syrup, that had been sent to Mrs. X all the way from the Green Mountains, and with that the strong and willing girl from the country had cleaned the floors. What Mr. X said when he had to eat his waffles without this same maple syrup has not yet been written.

WOMEN OFTEN IGNORED IN AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

"I cannot understand," said an English literary man who is doing some research work here in Washington, "why in your biographical dictionaries you ignore the mothers and wives of your noted men when you are constantly affirming that in America women occupy a position superior in every way to that of their sisters in other parts of the world. Now, I hold that men are generally what their mothers have made them, for in the bringing up and development of his sons a father has but little part, so that the biography of a man which does not give the name of his mother and his wife is only half a biography.

This statement is only partly true, for in many instances, most instances, the distaff side of the family is mentioned in the biographies of public men, but now and then one comes across a notice of a man who, as far as any note of the facts are concerned, might never have had a mother or a wife. Indeed, some of the biographies one meets with in the dictionaries of the day seem to be only for self-glorification, and give a boastful account of a man's attainments without so much as alluding to his family. This lack is always an embarrassment to a writer in search of material, and imposes a quantity of work which would be quite unnecessary if all biographers would follow the generally accepted custom of mentioning the name of both father and mother in writing the sketch of a man's life.

COURT DRESS REQUIRED AT EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

When the German Emperor motored in from Potsdam the other day to receive the credentials of the new American ambassador, that diplomatist appeared before him in evening clothes, although it was hours before dinner, departing in this regard from the custom of his predecessor, Mr. Tower, who, to meet the requirements of the German official etiquette, had adopted a simple court uniform, which consisted of a black evening coat, low satin waistcoat, black silk stockings, knee breeches, and cocked hat, to which there could be no possible objection by the most Chauvinistic of his countrymen, and which rendered him less conspicuous and more at his ease among his elaborately dressed colleagues than he could possibly have been as the sole wearer of evening clothes at unseemly times. Just why our diplomatic representatives—or some of them, for many have adopted a suitable costume—should feel it necessary to eschew court dress is a question that it would be difficult for them to answer, since there is no law against it, although none is prescribed.

Congress did pass a resolution in 1867 forbidding diplomats to wear "any uniform or official costume not previously authorized by Congress," but that body had never settled upon a diplomatic uniform. This matter was left entirely with the Secretary of State, and was changed from time to time, according to the fancy of that official. John Quincy Adams, when he held that office, recommended the use of the uniform worn by the mission to Ghent; blue coat, slightly embroidered with gold, white breeches, white silk stockings, gold knee buckles and shoe buckles, a sword, and small cocked hat with black cockade.

This was changed in Jackson's administration to a simpler and cheaper uniform, which consisted of black coat with a gold star on each side of the collar, black or white knee breeches, a three-cornered chapeau-bras with a black cockade and gold eagle. This dress was not ordered, but suggested, and often disregarded by the ministers, who decked themselves in such fine feathers that Secretary Marcy in 1858 withdrew all previous instructions and recommended the appearance at court of our ministers in the simple dress of an American citizen, whenever it could be done without detriment to the public interest, but this was the day when spiked-tailed coats—as they were called—brass buttons, gorgeous satin waistcoats, and frilled shirts were still the style and a suitable uniform could be adapted out of the clothes then in vogue. When several of our ministers attempted to go to court in plain evening clothes protests were made on all sides.

The King of Sweden, while expressing his willingness to personally receive Mr. Schroder in plain dress, said: "The etiquette of my house is subject to regulations which cannot be waived for one in preference to others. In audience for business I will receive him in any dress his government may prescribe; but in the society of my family and on occasions of court no one can be received but in court dress, in conformity with the established customs." Minister Vroom, at Berlin, was informed by the court chamberlain that "his majesty would not consider an appearance before him without costume as respectful," and Mr. Buchanan was excluded from the diplomatic tribute at the opening of Parliament, because he refused to wear court dress. He finally compromised the matter by appearing at court in evening clothes with the addition of a plain black sword and a cocked hat.

Nowadays what they shall wear is left to the good taste of the ambassadors and ministers, who have generally adopted a simple court costume, such as Mr. Tower wore in Berlin and Mr. Reid and Mr. White wear in London and Paris. It should be borne in mind that this court dress is in no sense a diplomatic uniform, which the best friends of our foreign service hope will one day be adopted.

To consider this subject at all may seem like "potato talk," but no less a personage than John Quincy Adams wrote: "The formalities of these court presentations are so trifling and insignificant in themselves, and so important in the eyes of princes and courtiers, that they are much more embarrassing to an American than business of real importance. It is not safe or prudent to despise them, nor practical for a person of rational understanding to value them." But despite these wise reflections, Americans have despised them and our diplomatic service has suffered in consequence. To the unprejudiced looker-on, it would seem that a man can be just as loyal an American in court dress as in the habiliments of a cowboy, but the blatant demagogues will not have it so, and our diplomatic service has suffered in consequence.

MRS. TAFT WELL FITTED TO OCCUPY WHITE HOUSE.

The nomination of Mr. Taft for the Presidency meets with the warm approval of society, which draws a long breath of relief now that it seems probable that Mrs. Roosevelt will have a worthy successor as "the first lady in the land." One must go far to find a better representative of American womanhood than the wife of the Republican candidate for the chief position in the gift of the people, and the social direction of the White House will fall into worthy hands.

Mrs. Taft will bring to her new duties not only unusual equipment, but a long experience in official life, and the health and strength and will to meet all the obligations that will be imposed upon her. Formerly the White House was quite outside of society, separate and apart from it. Its functions were official, rather than social, and had but little effect one way or another upon fashionable society, but gradually this situation has become changed, until now the White House is the center of society, and gives color and flavor to it. If there is much gayety in the house of the President, there is much gayety in the fashionable world at the Capital generally. In a word, the smart set follows the President's suit, and the wife of the President has become the leader of the social as her husband is of the official world.

Mrs. Taft is an accomplished woman of the world in the best sense of that term. She is beautiful, accomplished, cultured, as much at home in foreign society as she is in that of America, and she has fine ideals and a noble standard. It is not to be questioned but that under her leadership the White House will maintain the record that the big-hearted, jovial hospitality of President Roosevelt and the refined and graceful hostess-ship of Mrs. Roosevelt have made. Then, too, as in the Roosevelt family, there will be the presence of young people to enliven the place and add to its gayety—a daughter and one son at college and the ubiquitous Charlie, a worthy successor to his loyal pal, Quentin.

Where There Are No Clocks.

From the Cape Town Argus.

The following clever device is the way that the natives of Liberia, in West Africa, who have no clocks, tell the time.

They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree, and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first, or top, kernel is then lighted. All the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes, and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie pieces of black cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the division of time.

Among the natives of Singer, in the Malay archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck to neck, and sand is poured in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half hour, when the bottles are reversed.

Our Own Minstrels.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Tambo—Mistah Walker, kin yo' tell me de diff'unce 'tween de late Lyddy E. Pinkum an' a couple o' ice pitchers in a hospital?

Interlocutor—No, Sam; I shall have to pass that up. What is the difference between the late Lydia E. Pinkham and a couple of ice pitchers in a hospital?

Tambo—De one am yours for health an' de uddah am ewers for sickness.

Interlocutor — Ladies and Gentlemen, while the usher is gathering up the remains of the ill-fated man who got that off the renowned balladist, Mr. Hunck O'Limburg, will favor you with his celebrated song, "I Loved Her Fondly, but She Handed Me a Loaded Cigar."